

NAPLES, DINGY CITY, LYING IN VALLEY OF RARE BEAUTY

More Enchanting From Distance
Than When Seen at
Close Range.

HOUSES ARE UNATTRACTIVE

Location Is One of Finest in
World—Many Historic
Places There.

By Edwin W. Bowen.

(Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.)

NAPLES, June 23.—Our sea voyage Eastward is finished, and we write from Naples. The city of Naples is beautiful for situation. It lies immediately upon the Bay of Naples, and crescent-shaped, gradually rises from the sea to a ridge of hills about eight hundred feet high, extending around the city from the promontory, on the left, towards Vesuvius, on the right. The blue waters of the bay have the shore, while threatening Vesuvius, with peaceful Montecitorio by its side, stands as a menace to the growth of the city on the east.

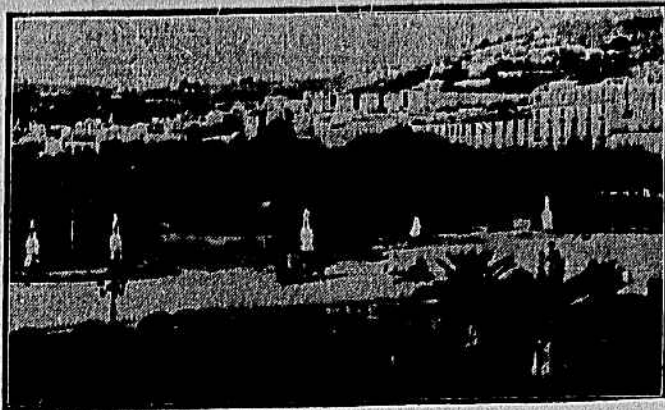
As you enter the harbor on ship, the lofty ridges of high hills dotted here and there with sumptuous villas, with their extensive gardens, present to the eye a landscape fair indeed to look upon. If you ascend to the height of the old Castle of Saint Elmo, overlooking the city and bay, you see spread out before you a panorama of surpassing beauty. It looks like some enchanted land, so entrancing is the prospect. No wonder there is the saying: "See Naples and die." Yet, we all prefer to see and live—perhaps to prove its beauty to those who may never see it.

City Not Beautiful.

However, Naples appears more beautiful seen at a distance than when viewed at close range. For when you walk the streets of the bustling city the illusion of its beauty is largely dispelled, and you see few imposing and magnificent buildings. The Via Nazionale, on the water way is a really beautiful promenade, and on it is located the aquarium, reputed the finest in the world. But you behold on every hand evidences of squalor, filth and dirt. You feel that it is far from a clean and neat city.

The beauty of Naples lies more in its natural situation and surroundings, than in its city. It is like an amphitheatre from the sea up to the lofty hills, than in the buildings and plan of the streets of the city. The architecture of Naples is not especially attractive. The houses, it is true, are generally high, but many of them are old and unattractive. The roofs are flat and made of cement. The soft, yellow tints of cream and pink, which are the prevailing colors, when the city is seen from a distance, do not appear so beautiful when you walk the streets and see the houses at close range. Distance evidently lends enchantment to the prospect. The old castles and churches, as well as most of the residences, in the old quarters of the city are of a dingy gray hue. Now and then you may see grass growing in the crevices of the walls of the ancient buildings, as if they were ruins. Especially is this true of the old city gates and walls, parts of which seem to survive from medieval times.

The streets, as might be expected of so old a city, are very narrow and tortuous. They do not show that regularity and directness so characteristic of our modern American cities. The streets are all paved with lava blocks of rough finish. Many of them, however, have no raised sidewalk, the entire pavement being of the same level, with no distinction for pedestrians. Not infrequently you may look down a street and see men and women mingled together promiscuously with horses, carriages, wagons, rickshaws and street cars. Yet, strange to



SCENE IN NAPLES.

say, you never see any one run over, which is all the more remarkable when you observe that the cars make very good time. To be sure, the electric cars do not speed along at the rapid rate customary in American cities. If they did, frequent accidents would necessarily result in the narrow, crowded streets. The cars do not stop on being signaled at any corner, but have special stations every few squares apart. The antique horse car still is seen, though it is no doubt destined, as a victim of progress, to yield eventually to its speedier rival in rapid transit.

The city of Naples, like all Italian cities, possesses a large number of open spaces here and there, called in the vernacular "piazze." They are usually paved like the rest of the street, and occasionally contain some statue as an ornamental central figure. The term is also applied to a small grass plot or a small unpaved space, such as we term a public square or a "place." Those are the rendezvous of cabs and hacks.

Neapolitan Goat.

A picturesque feature of a Neapolitan street is the goat herd. You may see the goats with distended udders drawn through the streets and the milkman milking the goats at the door and delivering the fresh, warm milk. Likewise the cows are drawn through the streets, and the cow herd halts before your door and milks enough to fill your order, and proceeds on his way to his next customer. You never see a milk wagon, such as we know that institution in America, or hear the familiar milk bell. The European custom of delivering milk fresh from the animal renders this superfluous.

The people of Southern Italy do not make a favorable impression upon the tourist. Indeed, the other Italians look upon them with more or less disdain. Not that the Neapolitans are not fine people. Many of them are, of course. But there are too many beggars on the streets, and they do not hesitate to follow you for a square or more, persistently plying their trade and begging incessantly. The small boys will run along by your side or in front of you, turning a handkerchief or a coin, in order to arrest your attention and win the desired gratuity. They are forever crying out "Maccaroni!" by which they mean a gratuity. If you employ one of them to do a small service for you, and pay him his price, which is usually extortionate, still he begs for "maccaroni." Nor is this practice confined to the street ragamuffins. Even the old weather-beaten men and gray-haired women beseege you sometimes, and beg as incessantly as the street urchins. You become utterly disgusted with these glib-tongued beggars, who force all their respect by their abominable practice. You wonder that the government does not intervene and put a speedy end to the nuisance. It reflects discredit upon the municipality to countenance this pest to strangers and tourists. But the lower

class of Neapolitans seem to regard the tourist as her legitimate prey, and he fleeces him whenever he has an opportunity.

Naples is a populous city, boasting over 600,000 inhabitants. It is the largest city of Italy, and has an extensive foreign trade. It seems strange that so flourishing a seaport has no large piers and docks. The ships seem to land their cargoes by lighters or tenders. Surely, this must necessitate great inconvenience to the merchant marine. But the people appear to take this as a matter of course, as if there were no more expeditious way known.

Naples has a history reaching back far into antiquity. It was originally a Greek colony, being founded several centuries before Christ. It was early taken by the Romans, however, and stood loyally by the Roman in the wars against Pyrrhus and Hannibal. The city suffered severely during the times of the great migrations. It passed in succession under the dominion of the Normans, the Bourbons and the Spaniards. Then the Bourbons got control of the city and ruled it till 1860. When the kingdom of Naples was united to the kingdom of Italy, the city of Naples became the capital of a province.

Yet, despite its long and varied history, Naples is historically, as well as geographically, one of the least interesting of the Italian cities, as the guide books tell us. It attracts the tourist "on account of its position as the metropolis of a region in itself gloriously beautiful, full of sites of transcendent mythological and historical interest, and rich in memorials of ancient wealth, luxury and art."

The chief object of interest in the city is the museum, which is unsurpassed for its historical antiquities. In this museum are preserved well nigh all the valuable collections of the ancient statues, the mural paintings recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum—those two ill-fated cities which were buried by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A. D. The collection, however, includes not only ancient statues and wall paintings from those buried cities (now excavated), but also bronzes, papyri from Herculaneum, coins, vases of all sorts, weapons, kitchen utensils, articles of food, jewels, gems, and so forth. A walk through this museum brings vividly to one's mind the remarkable civilization of the ancient Romans, as evidenced in their art, their science, their literature, their religion. But let this be reserved for our next letter.

The museum, moreover, contains a fine picture gallery, with some eight hundred paintings, many of them of rare merit, including works by Rembrandt, Titian, Correggio and other masters. There is also a fine library of 300,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts contained in this museum. It would take considerable time to exhaust the rich treasures of this museum.

The churches of Naples are not of special interest. The Cathedral, however, is rather imposing, and contains some very good paintings and monuments. The royal palace is well worth a visit, and is handsomely furnished. The magnificent view from the top of the royal observatory will richly repay one for one's climb and pains. For the building commands a superb view of the city and the beautiful Bay of Naples, as well as of frowning Vesuvius and the adjacent plain round about the volcano. You cannot afford to miss this grand panorama if you go to Naples.

A very interesting side trip in the immediate vicinity of Naples is afforded by a visit to Vergil's tomb. As every student of Latin literature knows, Vergil had a villa near Naples, and there, above all other places, he preferred to live. His villa was situated on the high ridge overlooking the city of Naples. In the village Posillipo, still in existence.

This high ridge of rock is pierced by a tunnel built by the ancient Romans for the road from Naples to Pateoli (modern Pozzuoli). It is near the entrance to the grotto that the reputed tomb of Vergil is situated. Tradition tells us that when St. Paul was on his way to Rome he turned aside from the Appian Way to visit this spot and pay his tribute to the pagan poet. Standing over the tomb of Vergil, the great Apostle is said to have wept and to have exclaimed amid his tears: "What a man I might have made of thee, O Vergil, had I only met thee in thy lifetime!"

This same spot was the object of our pilgrimage on a Sunday afternoon, and after much searching, we at length stumbled upon it high upon the rocky ledge. The tomb is in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and is reached only by a narrow, bridge path, winding up the hill. A rude stone structure, with several niches in its side for funeral urns, covers the hallowed tomb. An unpretentious marble monument adorns the interior of the structure, and the inscription upon it reads as follows: "Publio Vergilio Maroni. Mantua me genuit, Calabriae me rapuerit, Teuchis nunc Partenopo, Cecinipaeu, rura, duces."

On the side of the rocky ledge facing the tomb is also a small shrine, with an inscription indicating that this is the tomb of the Roman epic poet. The path leading to this sacred spot, if one may judge from appearances, has evidently been frequently trodden by the steps of reverent pilgrims.

CONNECTION AT GORDONSVILLE FOR ORANGE, CULPEPER AND MANASSAS, VIA C. & O. RY.

Attention is called to new schedule in effect, via Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, commencing Sunday, July 1st. Train leaving Richmond at 2:15 P. M. daily connects with train leaving Gordonsville at 5:00 P. M. daily for Orange, Rapidan, Culpeper, Culverton, Manassas and Fairfax.

Train leaving Richmond at 5:15 P. M. daily, except Sunday, arrives Orange at 8:10 P. M.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS, VIA R. F. & P. R. R. AND CONNECTIONS.

On sale to all summer resorts, North and East, including Southern Railway resorts in Virginia, reached via Washington or Alexandria, at special reduced rates. Final return limit, October 31, 1906. Apply to ticket agents.

J. P. TAYLOR,
Traffic Manager.

How Artists Use Lines in Pen and Ink Work

Eighth of the Series of Articles on Pen and Ink Drawing,
Which The Times-Dispatch is Publishing, Each Illustrated
with a Picture by Charles Dana Gibson—
"A Word to the Wise."

What woman has not found herself placed at dinner between two men who bore her insufferably? What man has not found himself in a similar position between two women? It is a situation for which there is no remedy when the sufferer is a man, but Charles Dana Gibson in the picture that accompanies today's paper cleverly suggests how a woman can rid herself of the trouble. No matter how much a woman may care to be the center of attention, but in these days of independent women Gibson does not hesitate to point out a way by which the bored woman may mitigate her suffering. It would seem rather rude if a woman were deliberately to produce a look at dinner and begin to read when the conversation of her partners is too much for her, but there are bored, especially boyish bored, who deserve no better treatment and to whom the lesson would be salutary.

Cubs are the worst of all bored to an intelligent woman. The youth at college or high school is absorbed in pursuits that cannot have an iota of interest for her, but he rarely realizes this, and persists in talking college gossip and school sports and giving vent to verdant and vainly optimistic remarks. Surely, this must necessitate great inconvenience to the merchant marine. But the people appear to take this as a matter of course, as if there were no more expeditious way known.

Gibson shows us such a woman and two such cubs. She is a woman of intelligence, who has traveled, been courted by men and probably won by some lucky fellow; her horizon is broad and her mind active. She finds herself sandwiched in between a stupid youth, who has nothing to say for himself, and a fresh, conceited little ass who has a conscious superiority of talk and all of it trivial. He is such a self-satisfied little fool, and he evidently thinks he is making an impression. The youth on her left is subdued by his surroundings and cannot think of anything to say. It is probably his first dinner party, and he is suffering the silence of the one and the inane chatter of the other as long as she could, has

turned her back upon the dummy, taken out a book, and deliberately interposing it between herself and the chatterer, has begun to read. Who will say she is not wise?

This is an exceedingly carefully finished picture. Its every detail, from the smoothly brushed hair of the silent youth to the pattern of the fruit bowl, is drawn with studied accuracy. The light, it is to be noted, falls from almost directly overhead, but a little to the left of the pictures, which accounts for the shadows below their features and on their right hand sides. The book she casts its shadow all over the woman's arm, except along its inner edge where the light just touches it. The woman's head shades her neck and right shoulder, while her brows and nose throw her right cheek into shadow. The forms of these shadows and those upon the youth's faces have been very carefully studied, for, falling as they do upon rounded surfaces, it is their shape that models the figures. Such shadows must be drawn from living models if they are even to approach accuracy, and trifling inaccuracy in such shadows detracts the figures, terribly. The exquisite precision of Gibson's lines is well seen in the treatment of these shadows, which model the faces and the necks, form the silly smirk on the face of the one youth, the vacuous stare on that of the other, and the pretty irritation that marks the expression of the woman. Her smoothly brushed but fluffy hair, with the bright reflections from the chandelier upon it, is in itself a work of art.

Another splendid bit of drawing is seen in the groups of wine-glasses, each absolutely perfect in shape, each transparent and each catching the lights. These could never have been drawn from the imagination or the memory; the artist must have placed a group of glasses before him under a strong light and carefully copied every shadow and reflection. The woman's hand also is a bit of drawing that proves the master; it could not be more perfectly graceful.

Taking it as a whole, this picture is typical of Gibson when he is drawing most carefully.

VIRGINIA BEACH

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA., July 7.—Arrangements are being made for a pyrotechnic display at the Cape on or about the 20th, combined with the reproduction of some one of the noted battles by the State National Guard. This late date has been selected on account of the dark moon then existing, and it is expected that the effect will be doubly great. The display and battle will be given on the famous sand mountain back of the Cape, which seems to be so naturally suited for anything of the kind.

Miss Jeanne B. Handley, of Richmond, who has been a member of the house party at the Kronk cottage, left during the week for a trip through Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shield, of Richmond, are spending some time at the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glenn and family, of Richmond, spent last Saturday and Sunday at the Casino at the Cape.

Mrs. Frank Douglass, of Norfolk, is at the Beach for the heated term.

Mrs. Baskerville and the Misses Louie and Louise Baskerville, of Boynton, Va., have arrived at the Beach for several weeks' stay. They are making their headquarters at the Paxton cottage.

Mr. Irving T. Hartley, of Petersburg, has been stopping at an ocean-front cottage for the past few days.

Miss Bessie Tompkins, of Richmond, was a recent guest of the Misses Walke at their summer home at the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett Smyth, of Norfolk, arrived at the Beach during the early part of the week for a short sojourn.

Mrs. Louis Hillard is entertaining Miss Page Carter, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Greenwell, of Washington, who are frequent visitors at the Cape, have arrived at the Ferreboe cottage to remain for several weeks.

Mr. A. N. Edmunds, U. S. N., is a guest of friends at the Beach.

Mr. J. E. Shideler, assistant postmaster of Indianapolis, is at the Poonahoutas cottage for the month of July.

Mrs. John William Oden, of Washington, and family are at the Buckingham at the Cape for several weeks' stay.

Among the Virginia people recently arrived at the Queen Anne cottage are W. J. Plinn, Jr., of Albemarle, John A. Somers, of Richmond, Miss Frances, of Norfolk, Miss Katherine Vibber, Miss Margaret Vibber and Mr. A. L. Vibber, of Wytheville.

The Misses Nunnelee and Peed, of Norfolk, are at the Buckingham for the month of July.

Richmond people at the Poonahoutas are Mr. Freeman and wife, C. A. Canepa, Mrs. Smiler, Miss Williamson and Miss Carpenter.

Virginia guests at the Poonahoutas are Mrs. M. M. E. Gregory, Miss Katherine Smith, Mrs. E. B. Loe, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Newell, Miss Josephine Newell, Mr. George Newell, Jr., of Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bick, Jr., of Norfolk, Mrs. C. H. Stoltz, Mrs. Annie E. Hall, Miss Margaret Miller, Mr. John J. Smith, Mr. John S. Milam and Mr. H. J. Burfoot, of Norfolk.

At the Arlington are Representative Smalley and family, of Washington; Miss Annie Dowell, of Ashland; Miss Katherine Brooks, of Southern; Miss Belle Greenbaum, Mrs. B. Greenbaum, Miss Gullory, of Richmond; Miss Amy Hart, Daniel Coleman, W. B. Lee, N. W. Harrison, R. J. H. Dawson, and Mrs. C. M. Malloy, Miss Alice Hall and Mr. V. Westbrook, of Richmond.

Recent arrivals at the Princess Anne are C. F. McMullan, Virginia; F. Baker, U. S. N.; Benjamin F. Whyte, Charles B. Hill, R. D. Garrison, G. R. Frost and wife, H. W. Postress, E. O. Hines, Miss Sherwood, Mrs. Nottingham, F. D. Savage, W. B. Williams, Thomas F. Thompson and wife, K. B. Williams, F. B. Barnett, N. H. Palmer, of Norfolk; John S. Aldersmith, E. B. Haskins, of Norfolk; Miss Hawkins, O. B. Brown, C. M. Grant, H. P. Currington, J. E. Morey, Miss Sargeant, Miss Veasley, J. C. Schmidt, W. B. Pearey, J. S. Haskins and wife, J. D. Dwyer, E. M. Benjamin, W. J. Bell, F. D. Measler, R. Schofer, J. L. Hanson, of Richmond; E. P. Taylor, Alexandria; H. L. Warren, Petersburg; C. M. Kilby, Suffolk; J. R. Topling, James Topling

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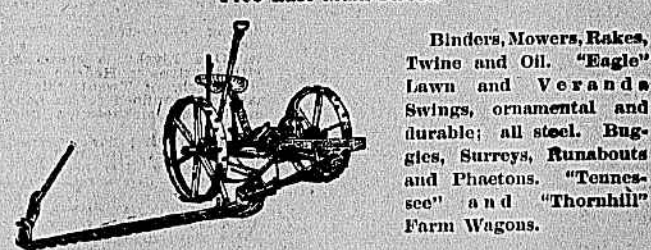
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